

From the London Monthly Magazine.

HUMAN FATE.

A little child, a little child,
Upon its mother's knee,
With dimpled cheek, and laughing eye,
A holy sight to see.

A thoughtless boy, a thoughtless boy,
Urging his tiny wooden sloop
On through the glassy pool.

A musing youth, a musing youth,
With eyes fixed on a book,
Where he but sees his mistress' face
In her last farewell look.

A gay gallant, a gay gallant,
Hero of club and ball,
His father's pride, his mother's joy,
Admired and loved of all.

A traveller, a traveller,
Returned from foreign strand,
With store of wisdom, clothed with care,
For me in his own land.

A happy man, a happy man,
With wife and children round,
And smiling friends, and cheerful home,
Where all pure joys abound.

A patriot, a patriot,
Intent on public good,
Who, in a court's ordeal tried,
Corruption's bait withstood.

A man of war, a man of war,
Bankrupt in heart and wealth—
Wife, children, hopes, all in the grave,
A bankrupt, too, in health.

A misanthrope, a misanthrope,
Disguised with monkish
Deserted by deceitful friends,
Whom favors could not bind.

A lunatic, a lunatic,
In melancholy mood,
Shrinking from every living thing—
Sighing in solitude.

A burial, a burial,
With none of kin to weep,
Lay the old man 'neath the sod,
To take his last long sleep.

Strange companion, strange companion,
Are these to meet, I wend!
Alas! they are but life's changes,
That in ONE MAN are seen!

A Father to his Daughter on presenting her a Bible.

No diamond bright, or ruby rare,
To grace thy neck, adorn thy hair,
My dearest child, give;
These are vain toys that please awhile,
But like the rainbow's transient smile,
Their beauty cannot live.

This sacred treasure far more dear
Than diamond, pearl, or ruby clear,
This living gift divine,
A father's love presents to thee.
Oh, may it to thy spirit be
What it has been to mine.

A solace, hope, unerring guide,
Companion constant at thy side,
To check the wrong desire;
A faithful monitor to warn—
Its unity thy soul adorn—
Its promises inspire.

UNIVERSALISM IN FRANCE.

A correspondent of the 'N. Y. Observer,' who is at present in France, thus speaks of a numerous sect of Christians whom he has found in that country. The reader will recollect it is given by a religious opponent, who of course would endeavor to throw odium upon those who believe in the final holiness and happiness of ALL.

'They refuse also to admit the eternity of future misery; they believe only in a temporary punishment, a sort of a *protestant purgatory*, whence condemned souls will one day be released and share the happiness of the elect. They explain the new birth by the operation of the Holy Spirit, as only a change of conduct, a natural result of human powers. The other doctrine of revelation are also mutilated by our Socinians and Arians, and when their theological system is attentively examined, it is a mere empty shadow of evangelical truth.

I have said above, that the pastors who adopt Pelagian and Arian opinions, are numerous in France. This fact is unhappily too well established. We could wish it were otherwise, but can we refuse to open our eyes? Can we deny what is known and obvious to all? These pastors are generally well received by infidels; for infidelity readily forms an alliance with Socinianism. Not that our worldly men are generally Socinians; but these last resemble themselves much more than the Orthodox, because they announce to them doctrines accommodated to their ruling habits, and out of Church, do not speak of religion.

Similar pleasing intelligence to the above, was published by Mr. Dwight a few years ago, in his travels in Germany. He is the son of Dr. Dwight formerly President of Yale College; his statements are deserving the most entire confidence. Their correctness has never been doubted by any. He says,

'The doctrine of the *Eternity of Future Punishment*, is almost *UNIVERSALLY REJECTED*. I have seen but ONE person in Germany who believed it, and but one other, whose mind was wavering on this subject.'

Speaking of the morality of the Universalists in Germany Mr. Dwight says, the people in the large cities are decidedly less immoral than in most of the cities in Europe—and that the people of Germany are a Century in advance of every other nation, in Literature and Science.—[Trumpet.]

EXCELLENT RULES.—The following rules from the private papers of Dr. West, were according to his memorandum, thrown together, as general way-marks in the journey of life.

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear to me.

Never show levity where the people are professedly engaged in worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury, till you know the views and motives of the author of it. Nor on any occasion to retaliate.

Never to judge of a person's character by external appearance.

Always to take the part of an *absent person*, who is censured in company, so far as truth and probity will allow.

Never to dispute if I can avoid it.

Not to dispute with a man more than 70 years old; nor with a woman; nor with an enthusiast.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself and those who are near to me.

The gospel was designed to save sinners from sin, not from endless misery.

Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.

SCENES OF THE OCEAN.—By BOB BUNTING.

THE CONVOY.

We had been detained in Kingston Harbor for several days, waiting the departure of an English Convoy; the day of sailing had at length arrived, and we were waited gracefully to sea, by the trade wind, which blew fresh and favorable and promised with its continuance a speedy arrival to the United States. The fleet was composed of at least forty sail; vessels of all nations who had like us sought the convoy's protection, from the many piratical cruisers which at that time infested the shores of the West India Islands. There might have been seen the clumsy Hollander, and the more fragile vessel of Spain, the large unwieldy barque of Russia, and the light Felucca of the Mediterranean, the strong and handsome Englishman, and the beautiful fast sailing vessel of the United States, the high black lugger of Bremen, and the low long cruiser of Portugal; all with their flowing canvas set; gracefully ploughing the green waves of the Atlantic. I had embarked on an American ship bound for the port of Baltimore, a truly noble vessel, and I felt a secret pride thrill my veins, as I cast my eyes along the tapering spars, suffering them to rest on the well trimmed head rigging, and belling topsail; there was not a brace, stay, or halyard but was drawn tight to its respective place, and the light foot ropes hung in graceful curves from the numerous yards, in beautiful contrast with the running and stationary rigging. On deck every thing presented as neat an appearance as aloft, the guns were newly painted and bound to their places with widely plaited breeching; the deck had been cleared of every fibre of useless matter, and the running rigging hung from the cleets and belaying pins in beautiful coils. When I had finished my survey of her appearance, I turned almost involuntarily towards the stern, and suffered my gaze to fall upon the *star spangled banner*, which rolled in graceful folds from the main gaff—the guardian of all this beauty—the protection of all this elegance.

Our captain was a large and finely moulded man, but the most distant and tactful being I had ever encountered; he would stand for hours leaning over the taffrail and gazing in the deep blue ocean, as if he could read therein, some dark fascinating page of futurity; his eyes were gray and deeply sunken, yet they glowed with an almost unnatural lustre, and seemed to search and be satisfied with your most secret thought with a glance; to a superficial observer he appeared a being ill calculated to gain the affections of mankind, yet every one on board loved him, and appeared to take pleasure in executing his mandates; there was something so singularly and impressively interesting in the expression of his countenance, something so stern, so noble, and so decisive, that I felt, as I gazed upon him, that his like I should never behold again. As my eyes fell from the banner of my country they encountered his; he had been observing me for some time, and I felt that his penetrating glance was master of my feelings; 'American,' said he, advancing, 'these hands were the first that ever raised you proud banner to a gaff: I fought, bled, and conquered under you stars and stripes, and while the arm that first reared it, is left me, it shall never be lowered to created man.' I could make no answer to his speech but I grasped his hand with a pressure which indicated far more than words could express; after a moment's pause he looked round to observe that none were within hearing, and again resumed, 'Yes, stranger, I once shot a man dead for laying his hands upon the halyards with the intent of striking that proud banner to a foeman.' A fierce, though animated light for a moment illumined his expressive eye, and then turning abruptly away, he strode to a distant part of the quarter deck, with a manner which seemed to forbid intercourse; this singular man made a deep impression upon me, I resolved to study him well during the voyage.

There was a general movement amongst the ship's company, and the eyes of all on board were turned towards the squadron, and then inquiringly on the captain, as if to hear and obey his commands.

His Britannic Majesty's ship *Pyperion* had overhauled the squadron, and informed them by signals, the Duke of Clarence, now William the Fourth, King of England, was on board. In a few minutes the peak of every vessel in the fleet, save ours, was lowered, and for a while nothing was heard on the wide waste of water, but the cracking of shaves as the halyards sped swiftly through the blocks; peak after peak, fell in honor of the royal passenger, but the gaff of our vessel was motionless, and reared its proud head while all around had submissively fallen. When I learned the cause of this movement, I turned towards the captain and never shall I forget the ghastly smile that at that moment played around his lips. 'Fools!' muttered he, 'minions, to do homage to the boy whose father's foot is on their necks—by heavens I'd suffer death before my peak should bow to their effeminate pup of the purple,' and he cast his eyes jealously along the spotless canvas.

John Bull seldom allows such disrespect as this to go unpunished, whispered Bob Barnacle, 'see, they are lowering the yawl from the davits for the purpose of hoarding us, and if the judgment of old seamen don't deceive him, we shall have some hoarding of iron before this squall blows over.' 'I hope nothing serious may accrue to us,' said I.

The naval veteran shook his head importantly as he answered, 'the captain is like a Dutch lugger in a blow.' As the veteran concluded, he moved away, leaving me to conjecture the meaning of his mysterious sentence.—Again I turned my attention to the commander, for a moment he regarded the yawl as it left the ship's side, and then folding his arms he continued to pace the quarter deck until its arrival. Our independent bearing had been perceived by the whole squadron, and the eyes of men of more than one nation, were turned upon us with an eye of jealous curiosity. A thrill of national pride traversed my veins as I contemplated the proud sense of freedom we had so nobly displayed; yet we had committed a daring, if not a rash action, and there was no alternative but to follow it up manfully, or disgrace the proud pennons that floated over us, in presence of the citizens of almost all the christian nations of Europe; the dark man who paraded the quarter deck, upon whom was rested the responsibility of our country's honor—his command might exalt

us in the eyes of many a jealous rival, or on the other hand it might render us an object of contempt and ridicule; but at that moment I felt a certainty of conviction, that our commander would honorably finish the work he had so nobly begun. The English yawl had now arrived, and a young midshipman, arrayed in all the naval finery of his nation, ascended the ship's side, and sprang upon the deck.

'Are your peak halyards choked, or has your mizen down hauls given away that you refuse to drop your gaff to his grace the Duke of Clarence?' asked he, as he gazed severally on those around in order to discover the commander.

'Neither, young man,' was the calm reply of our captain.

'Then why have you dared to insult the flag of Great Britain on the high seas?' demanded the youth with an impatient and cocked air. 'Are you not fearful that we will inflict the chastisement you richly deserve.'

A spark of anger flashed in the eyes of our commander, but he instantly passed away, and he calmly replied, 'no, boy, I am not fearful of receiving punishment at your hands—nor shall my peak or banner ever be lowered to the cross of England, while I have life to lose in its defence.'

'By Saint George, sir rebel, you speak tauntingly of my country's prowess,' exclaimed the midshipman, 'more such language as that might tempt us to tear that rag of thine from the gaff and trample it beneath our feet.'

At this disgraceful allusion to our flag, the lips of our commander quivered with rage, and turning to one of the sturdy seamen that lined the deck he vociferated, 'Barnacle, throw that man overboard.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' exclaimed the veteran, and seizing the slight form of the midshipman, he hoisted him over the gunwale and plunged him into the sea beneath.

A roar of laughter ensued among the sons of Neptune, and even the British seamen were observed to chuckle with smothered delight, as they drew him dripping from the briny element and shoved off to return. When the yawl containing the exasperated midshipman had arrived alongside of the British vessel, a general stir was observed on her decks; her long black yards were swung round, and her bow wore to windward in a straight line with our vessel, and it was evident by their movements that it was their intent to run us down and pour in a broad side. Studding sails, spankers and stay sails,—were spreading in all parts of her wide extended rigging, and in a few moments every boom, mast, and stay, was clothed in its respective robe of flowing canvas, yet for nearly an hour, during which she had gained rapidly upon us, we continued our course without adding a sail to those with which we had cleared the harbor. Our commander, who had hitherto stood silently regarding the advancing vessel, turned to the seamen with the usual premonitory command of 'Silence.' In an instant, the murmured hum which arose from the ship's deck, was hushed, and each ear sharpened to catch the following order:—'Clear away the long tom.' 'Ay, ay, sir!' shouted a dozen of the seamen—and in a few moments the gun was prepared for discharging, and the men stood awaiting further orders.

By this time, the advancing ship had approached so near that her bob stay and land-yards were seen distinctly relieved from the dark and massive hull; men were observed clambering the shrouds; crowding forward and stationing themselves in the starboard chains, for the purpose of viewing and admiring the saucy Yankee who evinced no disposition either to run away or come to close quarters. Still she swept onwards, and in a few minutes the letters of her name grew legibly detached from the forenetting, and the swelling notes of 'Rule Britannia,' rose upon our hearing; yet our commander stood motionless, attentively surveying the noble Briton as she swiftly advanced, dashing proudly aside the white spray that gathered round her bow: not a word was spoken on board our ship, and every eye was bent on the Englishman with intense interest; it was the most absorbing moment of my life, I fairly held my breath with the thrilling, indescribable feeling that was awakened in my mind. 'Stand by the weather braces!' shouted our commander, and the ropes were disengaged from their respective cleets; again an interval of silence succeeded, as the captain again turned his gaze on the ship in chase. 'Wear ship,' shouted he at the top of his voice, and the long yards of our vessel were swung around, until her bow veered gracefully to windward; this manoeuvre was scarcely executed when a volume of smoke issued from the bow of the ship in chase, and the loud report of a cannon rang upon the breeze; in an instant every eye was thrown aloft to discover if their fire had proved effectual, but all above remained untouched, the ball had passed us harmlessly by. 'Keep at that,' exclaimed our commander to the men at the wheel, as our topsails were thrown aback and the vessel lay motionless in the wind's eye, then glancing his eye along the gun he pointed it to suit his aim—the priming was fired—and the crack of our cannon reverberated on the ears with its wonted stunning effect. 'Huzza!' shouted our seamen,—as the mizen top of the Briton fell in splinters and the top, top-gallant and royal mast fell over the stern, dragging along with it the proud banner of England. For a moment I stood regarding the lamed vessel with a glow of delight which can better be imagined than described; national pride, and the thrill of triumph swept through my veins, and I felt that I could not breathe other than as an American. I turned toward the commander, he still gazed at the vessel astern, while his eyes were lighted with a fierce triumph and his lips curled with a grim though not unpleasant smile. 'Thus,' said he, addressing me, 'shall Paul Jones ever do homage to the pennons of British tyranny and oppression.'

Then suffering the excitement of his countenance to vanish, he gave the loud command of 'Fill away!' our vessel then swung round on her course, the sails were again filled, and again she bounded forward through the green waters of the Atlantic. 'Set the studding sails, and crowd on all sail,' exclaimed the commander, the light booms were soon run out from the extremity of the yards and in a few hours our antagonist and those of the squadron were lost in the rotundity of the ocean.

* A large cannon which stands betwixt the fore and main mast.

Coal Mine at Eastport. We have recently understood that a Mine of Coal has been discovered at Eastport, and is likely to yield a handsome profit to those who are about to explore it. People who are good judges of minerals have given their opinion that it was the real coal. Capt. John Clark, on whose land it is, has given a lease of the same on condition that 5 per cent. of all the profits be given to him; and several enterprising citizens have received shares in it of \$20 to the amount of \$400, and the work will be commenced forthwith. [St. Croix Cour.]

Claims on France.—Notice has been given by the Board of Commissioners under the Convention with France, that all claimants, whose memorials are not yet filed, or are not received in consequence of some defect, must file them with the Secretary, on or before the first Monday in May next: after which period no new one will be received, unless good cause be shown why it was not previously filed. These are required to be prepared and verified according to the former regulations of the Board, and are to be set down for examination, at the expiration of one month from the date of their reception. So much of the previous orders, as directs that no document shall be received by way of proof or otherwise after the memorial is set down for examination, is suspended until the first Monday in May, to which time the Board, on the 21st inst. voted to adjourn, with the intention of then proceeding to the examination of the several memorials. [Boston Patriot.]

The Paris papers state that the Duke of Orleans was to set sail for America in March and that he intends to pass the greater part of the year in visiting different parts of this country.

Mr. Henry Bready committed suicide at Philadelphia on Friday by taking laudanum. Having accumulated a few hundred dollars, he was imprudent enough to venture it on a gambling table, when losing his money he became melancholy, and under this influence committed the rash act alluded to.

Thomaston Lime. The Thomaston Republican says:—'We are informed that from 250,000 to 300,000 casks of lime are annually exported from this town. The Inspector has 3-8 of a cent per cask, amounting on the smallest number to more than \$900. There are about forty Deputy Inspectors, who are appointed by the Inspector, give bonds, and do nearly all the labor.'

One of the most interesting events which we learn by the last arrival from Europe, is the murder of Caspar Hauser, the youth whose mysterious history has excited so much attention in Germany the last five or six years. This event took place at Anspach, where he was residing, the assassin having enticed him for the accomplishment of his purpose into the Court Garden, under the pretence of shewing him a musical instrument of a new description.

An Envoy to one of the German Courts, who has recently left England to represent his Sovereign at the Court of Vienna, during his stay in London, had a large brass plate on his door, on which was engraved, 'Scrape your feet before you enter.'

A singular work has lately been published in New-York—a poem on the *teeth*, entitled *Dentologia*, by Solomon Brown, A. M.; with notes by Eleazer Parmy, Dentist of New-York.

A monument is to be erected to Napoleon at Ajaccio, and Louis Philippe is at the head of the subscribers!—Like Richard III. he says to the dead Napoleon's family, 'you may play with crowns, but not wear them.'

A committee of officers has been appointed by the British Government to test the practicability of introducing into the army the percussion lock, instead of a flint, and steel now used.

A young man of genteel appearance, seeing a man unfolding a roll of bank notes, in Charles street, Baltimore, a few days since, daringly snatched them from him, and although pursued by a number of persons, escaped, by his adroit turnings through lanes and alleys.

It is proposed to tax the lawyers, notaries, brokers, &c. of France, as the resources of their trade are considered public property.—The tax would amount, it is computed, to 5,000,000 francs, in which event a reduction is to take place on the impost upon salt.

The ladies of Long Island have unanimously protested against the introduction of white neck handkerchiefs, on the ground of economy and beauty, and have resolved not to receive the addresses of any young gentleman,—(hear this ye swains)—who wear a white neck cloth.

A Russian Project.—It is said that the Emperor of Russia intends to open a direct communication between Moscow and the frontiers of China, by means of Diligences, and thus open a connection between civilized Europe, and the 'Celestial Empire.'

The Legislature of North Carolina is composed of 135 farmers, 21 lawyers, 7 merchants, 6 physicians, 2 blacksmiths, 1 tavern keeper, 1 tailor, and 6 without any regular occupation—'vagrants,' of course.

The length of iron pipe laid down in the city of Philadelphia for conducting water, is 412,234 feet; equal to about 80 miles! The total number of fire plugs is 313. The estimated expenditures for the Water Works during the year 1834, are \$52,933; receipts, \$85,539.

A tutor of the college, lecturing a young man on his irregular conduct, added with great pathos, 'The report of your vices will bring your father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.' 'I beg your pardon, sir,' replied the pupil, 'my father wears a wig.'

Temperance Cause in England.—We perceive by a late English paper, that the number of Temperance Societies in England and Wales, at the present time, is *sixty-five thousand two hundred and thirty-two*, and they are rapidly increasing! The number of Temperance Tracts and hand bills issued from the Temperance Press in London only, in August, 1833, is more than *one million and a half!* All the Physicians and surgeons in the city of Worcester, to the number of thirty-two, have signed a declaration to the effect that the entire disuse of ardent spirits, except under medical direction, would materially improve the health, amend the morals, and augment the comfort of the community. [Boston Journal.]

Insult.—'I do not know how you will resist it,' said a subscriber who was owing a couple of dollars, 'but I shall venture to insult you by offering you a dollar now, which is all the cash I have by me.' We assured him that no offence was given, and that we would be perfectly willing to receive such insults every day. We always pocket them. [Erie Observer.]

The British officers made prisoners by Don Miguel are made to work like slaves in the trenches of Santarem, and, it was reported, he even meditated the destruction of all foreigners who should fall into his hands, being engaged in the cause of Pedro.

New Books.

JUST received at the Bookstore of Wm. PALMER, The Young Man's Guide, Life of St. Paul, Daughter's Own Book, Young Orator, Life of J. B. Taylor, Jack Downing's Letters, Pompeii, Parley's Magazine, Part Third, Peoples' do. do. Battles of Cressy & Poitiers, in French & English, Beaumont on the Gastric Juice.

To the Afflicted.

For sale, Dr. Holmes' *Dulcified Vegetable Compound and Deobstruent Pills*. A SAFE, and efficient medicine for all these diseases of the Lungs, such as Consumption, Catarrhs, Croup, Asthma, inflammations of the membranes of the throat, and organs of the chest. This medicine has been singularly powerful in curing bleeding from the Lungs, and as a preventive of consumption. It is purely a vegetable composition, and consists of native plants, and acts as a gentle stimulant of the digestive organs and as a corrector of the impurity of the blood and fluids necessary to good and perfect health. Hence it has been found exceedingly valuable in cases of general debility; also in Liver complaints, such as Jaundice, Rheumatism, as well as the disorders peculiar to females. It is prepared and put up in the nicest manner by the inventor, Dr. HOLMES, M. D. who was first led to issue his medicine, by observing its efficacy upon himself in cough, spitting blood, and pain in the chest, and it has since been ministered to hundreds with unparalleled success. Each bottle is accompanied by a box of pills enclosed in a pamphlet giving directions for its use—also certificates as to efficacy, &c. &c. Price \$1.50. Apply to S. O. BRADSTREET & CO. Agents, Gardiner, who are constantly supplied with the medicine.

Prospectus of the Third Volume of the Knickerbocker.

THE same improvement which has guided the publishers of the Knickerbocker in the past, will still be adhered to in their future efforts to gratify the public. The Knickerbocker has already obtained a success unequalled in the history of Periodical Literature; and though our numerous friends may be praised as perhaps too highly, we can only express our gratitude for their partiality, and our sincere conviction that not only to realize, but even to exceed, as far as possible the expectation of the public in the new volume. Permanent arrangements have been made with FLINT, a gentleman whose literary reputation is known in every part of the United States, particularly to the people of the WEST, as the Editor of the *Western Monthly Review*, as well as author of several of the Standard Works of American Literature, the publishers of the Knickerbocker now present him as their friend and patron as the Editor of their *Third Volume*, which will be filled with the most valuable contributions from his pen, as well as regular Contributions from other distinguished American Writers. Paulding, Bryant, S. L. Knapp, Timothy F. James Hall, Dunlap, John Neal, Theo. S. Fay, M. Sigourney, Miss Gould, The Author of 'A Year in Spain,' The Author of 'The King's Secret,' The Author of 'Westward Ho!', The Author of 'Savage Doings,' The Author of 'Martin Eder,' The Author of 'The Oceanic Tales,' The Author of 'The Golden Annual,' The Author of 'Rosine Laval,' The Author of 'Oran, the Outcast,' The Author of 'Fashionable Tires,' The Author of 'Legends of the West,' The Editor of the 'N. Y. Gazetteer,'

And many other Authors and Writers are known to have contributed to the past volumes, and for the new volume we hope to present to our Patrons an article or two from each of the foregoing, as well as from the pen of Halleck, Percival, Channing, Cooper, Francis Pickens, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Leslie, Pierpont, Willis G. Clark, and from others whose occasional writings, though popular, have not hitherto been so generally known to the Public, yet whose talents deserve to be such a work as the *Knickerbocker*. Add to this the Mechanical Department in its improved state, and the *KNICKERBOCKER* will read any Magazine.

Devoted, as heretofore, to elaborate Reviews, short impartial Criticisms upon New works, Tales, Essays, Notices of the Arts, Views of Society at Home and Abroad, Comments on the Fashions of the Times, Gleanings from the best sources of Literature, and Foreign Publications, or to reflect on the Literature as displayed in this Metropolis, and the principal object of the *KNICKERBOCKER* will be to afford to the public a volume of high finish and fine quality; in short, the greatest attention will be paid to its Typographical and Mechanical appearance while several Engravings in a new and novel style, are in the hands of the engraver, and will from time to time be given.

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All Communications to be addressed to the Editor of the *Knickerbocker*.

Business Letters, or all orders for 'The Knickerbocker,' to be addressed to

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Paige's selections.

JUST published and for sale at the Trumpet Office, 'Selections from Eminent Commentators who believed in Punishment after death; whereas others have agreed with Universalists in the interpretation of Scriptures relating to Punishment. By LUCAS PAIGE, Pastor of the First Universalist Society, Cambridge.' Pages 324, 12 mo. Price \$1.00. This is a highly valuable work to all Universalists. It proves by the most respectable orthodox authorities that the interpretations which Universalists have given of the passages of scripture which relate to punishment are correct. For sale on the very lowest terms. Thomas Whittemore, joint publisher, at the Trumpet Office.

Major Jack Downing's Magazine.

THE publishers are encouraged by the extraordinary demand for the Letters of Major Jack Downing to issue the original and most popular of his writings, including his life, in a periodical form. After completing the first volume, should much encouragement be afforded, the Major may, we are induced to conclude, his interesting descriptions of public affairs, and other matters. This volume will be completed in eight parts of six pages each, and will contain ELEVEN original designs by Johnston, and furnished in any part of the United States postage free for one dollar. (SEVEN COPIES will be furnished to any one who will send us a dollar in advance, and pay the balance of expense to the publishers.) LILLY, WAIT & Co. BOSTON.